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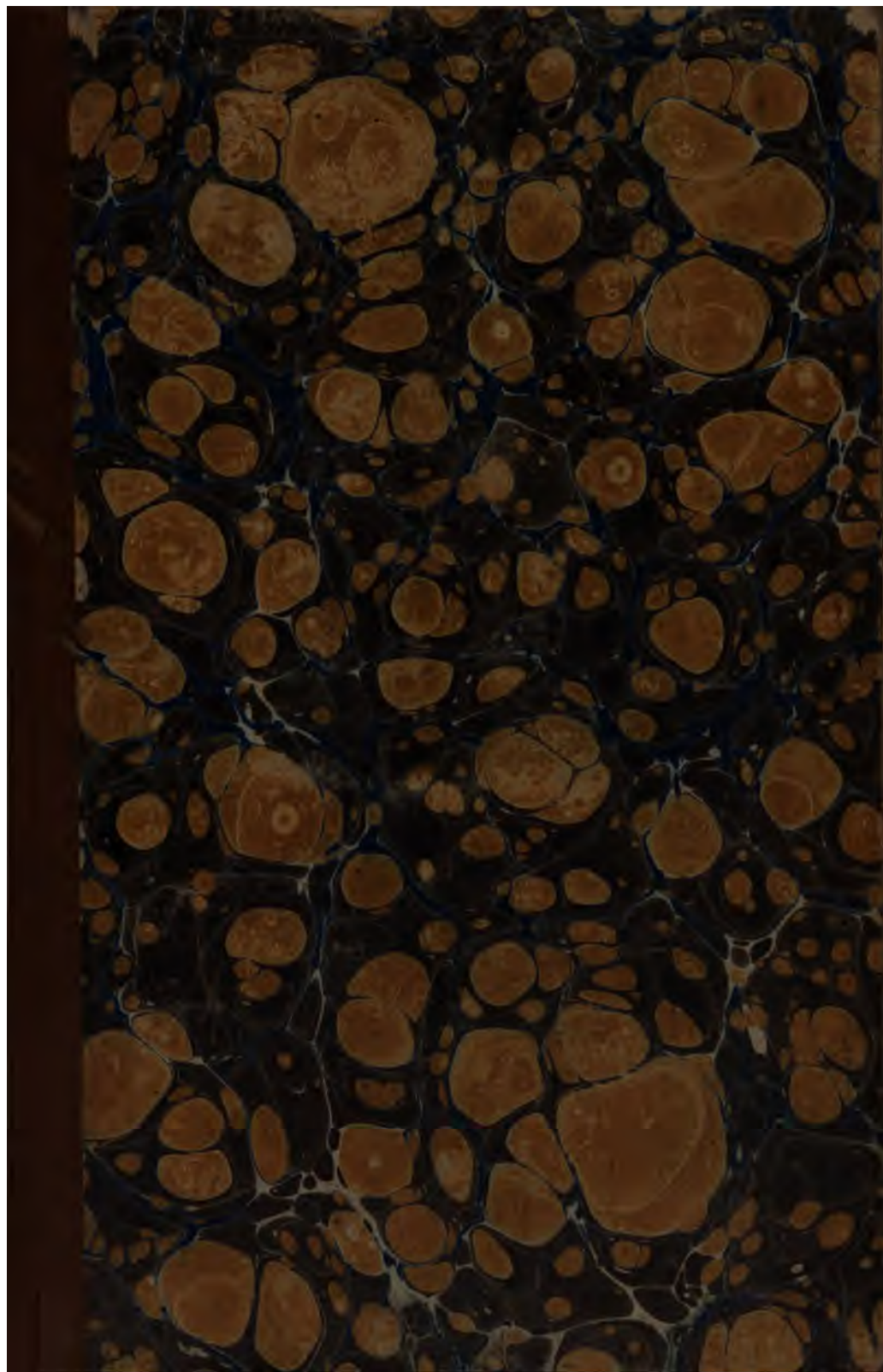
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**THE VILLAGE BELLS,**  
**IN POETRY,**

Tolling for Saints fell asleep in Jesus.  
Written and Composed in One-Thousand Eight-Hundred  
and Forty and Forty-One.

I pray the Lord to bless what it containeth, as there is no discord  
on sects nor parties of any denomination; tribulation, temp-  
tations, experience, and deliverances of the people of God in all  
ages of the Church.

**Poems not all Composed to be Sung**

Happy the saints above in light  
Now crossed Jordan's flood;  
They shine above in glory bright,  
And victory sing through blood.

From tribulation great they came,  
With Jesus Christ above;  
Strike loud their harps of gold, and  
sing  
The dear Redeemer's love.

*All that is read on the Catalogue you will find contained in this  
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**EXETER:**  
**PRINTED BY R. SPENCER, St. SIDWELL'S.**

1841

**Poem 1.***John's Vision of the Glory of Heaven in the Isle of Patmos.*

John was in the Spirit, 'twas on the Lord's day,  
 And saw that bright city all fair ;  
 He beheld on the throne the Lamb that was slain,  
 And he was the light of it there.

2

The Church, the Lamb's bride, in glory he saw,  
 Array'd there in spotless white ;  
 In glory did shine as bright as the sun,  
 With Jesus, her joy and delight.

3

The light of his countenance outshines the sun,  
 Like a jasper-stone precious and clear ;  
 The sun when shineth here in his strength,  
 But faintly resembles him there.

4

No need of the sun in that city above,  
 That shineth in lustre all clear ;  
 No clouds to obscure the Lamb on his throne,  
 The King in his beauty all fair.

5

The streets of the city are all of pure gold,  
 Like glass that's transparent and clear ;  
 The city is garnish'd with all precious stones,  
 The Lamb and his bride walketh there.

6

No tears of contrition in that happy place,  
 For ever there wiped away ;  
 To fountains of water the Lamb he doth lead,  
 His bride in the realms of day.

7

No temple he saw in that happy place,  
 The temple is God and the Lamb ;



3

The nations he saw there saved by grace,  
Wore crowns, and held palms in hands.

8

There strangers and pilgrims all meet above,  
With Christ, on that happy blest shore ;  
To crown King Jesus there Lord over all,  
And the Lamb on his throne to adore.

**Poem 2..**

*Slept in Jesus, not lost but taken from the evil to come.*

My beloved is gone down into his garden,  
To the beds of spices—where lilies do grow,  
To see that nothing below may not harm them,  
That's looking all fair and white as the snow.

2

Some tender fair lilies, he takes in his bosom,  
Transplants them above in the garden all fair,  
And there they remain for ever in blossom,  
The Lamb on the throne he is with them there.

3

These lilies were washed, now singing to Jesus,  
In the blood of the Lamb that now are above,  
A leaning came up now singing his praises,  
Delighted they are in the smiles of his love.

4

No chilling cold winds can never more blight them,  
Nor never more cannot their minds discompose,  
In the fulness of joy, for evermore with him,  
The glorious I Am, and Sharon's sweet rose.

5

Once strangers and pilgrims as their fore-fathers,  
But children born of a heavenly birth,  
Now singing across the river of Jordan,  
In triumphs they crossed the river of death.



4:

6

Farewell you sweet lilies that shine now in glory,  
Christ wash'd in his blood and looking all fair,  
You just have crossed the river before me,  
I soon shall be with you for evermore there.

### Poem 3.

*The figures in the Numeration Table spiritualized, in Poetry*

Take one from two and there remains one,  
And one and two makes three,  
The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
A Trinity must be.

2

Take two from three and there remains one,  
And one and three makes four ;  
The Church in God and Christ are one,  
A mystery to this hour.

3

Take three from four and there remains one,  
And four and one makes five ;  
Jesus is risen from the dead,  
Once dead but now alive.

4

Take four from five and there remains one,  
And one and five makes six ;  
Where Jesus Christ our treasure is,  
There might our hearts be fixt.

5

Take five from six and there remains one,  
And six and one makes seven ;  
Our Jesus wears upon his head,  
The brightest crown in heaven.

6

Take six from seven and there remains one,  
And seven and one makes eight ;

5

Once we were darkness in ourselves,  
But in the Lord are light:

7

Take seven from eight and there remains one,  
And eight and one makes nine ;  
Jesus our bright and morning star,  
Arise and on us shine.

8

Take eight from nine and there remains one,  
And one and nine makes ten ;  
Then crown Emmanuel Lord of all,  
Our glorious great Amen.

### Poem 4.

*The Shulamite passing through the storms, for sweet  
home above.*

A Shulamite and Pilgrim here,  
I'm travelling home to God,  
Have no continuing city here,  
'Till crossed Jordan's flood.

2

Pass through the storms, if danger's near,  
Take up-hill with the down  
And on my way along I steer,  
To see the King a crown'd.

3

I on pursue through storms by night,  
Sometimes with tempest tost,  
Christ steers the vessel, all is right,  
I never shall be lost.

4

Sweet home, my rest, by faith I see,  
Across old Jordan's flood,  
There with sweet Jesus we shall be,  
The Church redeem'd with blood.

5  
 My brother Pilgrims all good night,  
 I see the dawn of day,  
 'Tis my beloved's voice I here,  
 My fair one come away.

6  
 The sun in lustre now shines bright,  
 Beyond this ponderous ball,  
 And home I travel in the light,  
 To crown Christ Lord of all:

### Poem 5.

*On Four Pilgrims—Timorous, Feeble Mind, Little Faith,  
 and Ready to Halt.*

Timorous shall safe arrive above,  
 And see his face in smiles of love,  
 And sing Christ shed his blood for me,  
 And for me died on Calvary.

2  
 And Feeble Mind shall safe arrive,  
 On Canaan's happy, blessed shore,  
 His feeble mind shall leave behind,  
 And home with Christ to part no more.

3  
 And Little Faith in Jesus blest,  
 You soon shall be with Christ at rest,  
 You Little Faith shall sing above,  
 To Christ that sits in smiles of love.

4  
 Ready to Halt and you shall stand,  
 No crutches in your trembling hand,  
 When you are on that blessed shore,  
 You never will not need them more.

5  
 So these four Pilgrims travel'd on,  
 Through stormy winds and weather,  
 And soon shall be at home with Christ,  
 And dwell with him for ever.

**Poem 6.**

*The supposed Song of Saints in Glory who shall rival in  
their Song—no discord.*

Who shall sing the loudest here  
Of all the ransom'd from the fall;  
I once the greatest sinner was,  
Manasseh's song shall rival all;  
He pluck'd me from the jaws of Hell,  
My Jesus all things hath done well;  
Not one among you blood-royal throng,  
Shall never rival in my song.

## 2

Pray stop and hear, a babe in Christ,  
I claim to sing more loud than all,  
A malefactor on the tree,  
Was once redeemed from the fall.  
I once hung on mount Calvary,  
Cried Jesus, Lord, remember me;  
That now in Paradise you see,  
With Christ who shed his blood for me.

## 3

Pray stop, my kindred saints I say,  
Let Jonah speak, a run-away,  
I unto Tarsus from God fled,  
But Christ redeem'd me with his blood;  
No seraph soaring now in light,  
Nor Gabriel's harp can never sound,  
So loud as sinners sav'd by grace,  
Whose sins the blood of Christ hath drown'd.

## 4

Ye happy saints, my name is Paul,  
I now shall rival every song,  
Once was a persecuting Saul,  
But I to Jesus Christ belong:

8

He stop'd me from the bloody throng,  
 And sav'd me by free sovereign grace;  
 Not one can rival here my song,  
 Among you blood-bought ransom'd race.

5

What is this discord that I hear,  
 And yet 'tis all in harmony,  
 My name is Peter, Christ denied,  
 That died for me on Calvary;  
 Now home, sweet home, I'll rival all,  
 Whether once sinners great or small,  
 The lofty arches all shall sound,  
 His blood that all my sins have drown'd.

6

My kindred saints, I pray do hear,  
 My name is Little Faith I say;  
 My little faith I left behind,  
 In passing through the storm to-day:  
 My little faith I need no more,  
 I'm home, sweet home, on Canaan's shore,  
 Among ye ransom'd from the fall,  
 And crown my Jesus, Lord of all.

**Poem 7.**

*His eyes were like a flame of fire, the light of his people to glory.*

Christ is my light-house, he will light  
 The Church of God all on her way,  
 Through all the storms here of the night,  
 Home to the realms of endless day.

2

In him she's light, and also fair,  
 A bright unrival'd gem she's there,  
 Complete in Christ, and free from sin,  
 No spot in her cannot be seen.

9

3

Christ is my sun, doth always shine,  
And my beloved he is mine;  
And I shall dwell with him above,  
And see his face in smiles of love.

4

Christ is the light of heaven above,  
No sun, nor moon, not needed there,  
The light of all the shining ranks,  
A sun without a cloud all clear.

5

Christ is my bright and morning star,  
My joy, my treasure, and delight,  
And when I see him from afar,  
'Tis pleasant to behold the light.

6

Farewell, ye shining orbs of light,  
Ye stars and planets of the night,  
My glorious Christ outshines you all,  
My crowned head and Lord of all.

### **Poem 8.**

*A Dialogue between Richard and Robert on their way for  
Canaan.*

Robert, I just remember thee,  
School boys, I think, we were together,  
You seem in haste and tramping on,  
To day through stormy winds and weather;  
Was you not once a scholar, Bob,  
To Father Moses with the rod;  
Do you know Jesus Christ, my friend,  
His love it never hath no end?

2

Richard, my friend, I know thy voice,  
A school-boy once I was with thee,  
But Moses he was not my choice,  
My Father will'd it so to be.

The law, it was my school-master,  
 To bring me once to Jesus Christ,  
 'The end now of the law for me,  
 And in his name I do rejoice.

3

Robert, I call thee by thy name,  
 Near kin, I know, we are together ;  
 Christ bore our sins on Calvary,  
 My loving friend and also brother ;  
 If 'tis thy mind, that I with thee,  
 And if it is the will of God,  
 I'll travel on this day and see,  
 Our Christ who bought us with his blood.

4

Robert, I think you have forgot,  
 Our journey's not near to an end,  
 It all depends on Jesus Christ,  
 The sinner's dear and faithful friend :  
 Where we shall safe arrive at home  
 This day or yet to-morrow ;  
 Come, never be, I say, cast down,  
 Nor yet oppress'd with sorrow.

5

Richard, come on, I see the sea,  
 We soon shall cross the flood,  
 And sing the other side of death,  
 Of victory through blood ;  
 On Jordan's banks we soon shall stand,  
 And hear our Jesus say,  
 Arise, my love, my undefil'd,  
 My fair one come away.

6

*A Stranger speaks.*

I think a pilgrim's life not sad,  
 Yet often are cast down,  
 But there's laid up above for them,  
 A brilliant starry crown.

If stormy on their way to God,  
 In peace their journey's end,  
 Then home with Jesus Christ above,  
 The sinner's faithful friend.

### Poem 9.

*A Dialogue between Pay All and Nothing to Pay—he is  
 freely forgiven.*

#### *Pay All.*

Hast thou nothing to pay, I honestly ask thee,  
 Hast thou no arrears to no one runn'd up,  
 My friend, the truth, I pray, now inform me,  
 This day your account you must surely make up;  
 You must pay all you owe up unto one farthing,  
 And that from the book cannot be eras'd,  
 Unless you a surety have for to pay it,  
 You are in a most deplorable case.

#### *Nothing to Pay.*

I have nothing to pay, my surety paid all  
 That justice demanded of me by the fall,  
 And nothing I had to pay, all demanded,  
 He frankly and freely forgave me then all.  
 His blood that erased the debt that I owed,  
 My Jesus for me hath fulfilled the law,  
 Now I am discharged from all was demanded,  
 And nothing to justice nor law do I owe.

#### *Pay All.*

There is nothing to pay, you now are discharged,  
 The justice of God is now satisfied,  
 For Jesus hath paid all that was demanded,  
 And for thee and I on Calvary died;  
 'Tis a jubilee morning, for we are released,  
 The prison doors open and we are set free,  
 Our Jesus himself the Father hath pleased,  
 The law magnified for thee and for me.



*Nothing to Pay,*

When a victory's won the bells they are ringing,  
 When the enemy strikes and the battle we gain,  
 And shall we not sing of the conquest of Jesus,  
 The victory won by the Lamb that was slain;  
 The harpers in glory their harps are a sounding,  
 And saints are a singing of that glorious day,  
 When Satan and death our Jesus destroyed,  
 And put our sins on Calvary away.

*Pay All.*

The glory we give to our lovely Jesus,  
 Our Captain, the Lord of Hosts is his name;  
 Then sing, O ye ransom'd, his lofty high praises,  
 It was by his blood that you overcame:  
 Let loud hallelujahs now reach the third heaven,  
 And join the redeemed by blood now above,  
 And sing in their song to our sweet Jesus,  
 That sits on his throne in smiles now of love.

*Nothing to Pay.*

The debt that we owed our Jesus hath paid it,  
 Erased it out with his blood on the cross,  
 Hand writings for ever he blotted out for us:  
 He came for to seek and save that was lost,  
 We soon shall be home with Jesus in glory,  
 With all the redeem'd above from the fall,  
 And join in the chorus of saints gone before we,  
 And crown our Emmanuel there Lord over all.

**Poem 10.**

*Jesus, the King of the Beggars,—the King in his beauty  
 begging at Jacob's Well.*

The King of the Beggars, is Jesus by name,  
 To seek and to save the lost he did come,  
 The maimed, the lame, the halt, and the blind,  
 They all found in Jesus a friend very kind.

13

2

Thy King of the Beggars to Jacob's well came,  
His disciples were gone to the town,  
And he being weary, oppressed, and faint,  
On the well then he set himself down,

3

From Samaria, a woman, she came from the town,  
On Jesus, the King of the Beggars, did frown,  
The water she drew, from the well it was deep,  
That Jacob give Joseph in memory to keep.

4

The King of the Beggars, he asked to drink,  
She refused and none would not give,  
But the water of life he gave unto her,  
That in glory with him she might live.

5

The King of the Beggars condemn'd was to die,  
Like a sheep to the slaughter was led,  
That created the heaven, the earth, and the sky,  
On Calvary bow'd his dear head.

6

He dranked the vinegar, wormwood, and gall.  
'Tis finish'd, our Jesus did cry,  
He gave up the ghost on Calvary's cross,  
In love for our sins he did die.

**Poem 11.**

*They shall mount up as on the wings of an Eagle, an  
emblem of a Believer in Christ.*

I saw a sweet lark, in a bright summer's day,  
She clapped her wings and mounted away,  
She sweet was a singing as she did arise,  
I lost sight of her by a cloud in the skies.

2

When the sun it doth shine believer on you,  
Above from the heaven of love,

The gloom of the night is dispelled away,  
Then we soar up to Jesus above.

3

My sweet pretty lark, I see she is down,  
The storm have beat on her to-day,  
Upward she soar'd in the sunbeams of love,  
Came down in a dark cloudy day.

4

'Tis so with the Church, in her militant state,  
If sunshine we have here to-day,  
And then on the morrow, if clouds we have sorrow,  
And never are here in one stay.

5

Believers, to-day, might be on the mount,  
And indulged to live very high,  
And then on the morrow, again may have sorrow,  
Call'd down from the mount for to die.

## Poem 12.

*The precious Balm of Gilead, precious Blood of Christ.*

O precious balm, 'tis precious blood,  
'Twill heal when once applied,  
It flow'd from Calvary like a flood,  
When the Redeemer died.

2

How many arts here men have tried,  
To make the wounded sound ;  
When on the cross our Jesus died,  
This balm then was found.

3

When God, the Holy Ghost, doth wound,  
This balm makes the patient sound ;  
This blood it heals the wounded soul,  
And makes the troubled conscience whole.

4

This balm, once this precious blood,  
Flow'd once a crimson tide,

15

It wash'd as white as blooming snow,  
The Church, the Lamb's own bride.

5

Jesus, when home, sweet home, above,  
Beyond this ponderous ball,  
Our harps of gold we sweet will sound,  
And crown thee Lord of all.

**Poem 13.**

*The Ark spiritualised inside and out, showing Divinity  
and the Humanity not divided.*

Noah's ark it did prefigure,  
Godhead inside, was divine,  
Through the Lamb, the human nature,  
Godhead it was seen to shine.

2

Noah did the Church prefigure,  
God himself did shut him in;  
So in Christ, the Church was chosen,  
Noah he was found in him.

3

Persons eight were sav'd by water,  
Noah he was sav'd by grace,  
To them once he was a preacher  
To a sinful ruin'd race.

4

When the floods of rain descended,  
And the water swelling high,  
Sinners round the ark was hasting  
And they bitterly did cry.

5

But the door was on them closed,  
And no more could enter in;  
Than the number, God intended,  
Not to deluge them for sin,

Sing, ye little flock, his praises  
 You shall soon be home with God ;  
 With your sweet and precious Jesus,  
 He hath wash'd you in his blood.

By believing we do enter,  
 'Tis by faith on Jesus in ;  
 And on him we all do venture,  
 That hath put away our sin.

Soon you'll be at home with Jesus,  
 With the ransom'd from the fall ;  
 Home, sweet home, to sing his praises,  
 And shall crown him Lord of all.

### **Poem 14.**

*The Beggar at the door of mercy is freely admitted in.*

The door is Christ, he hath supplies,  
 For all his people's need,  
 He hears the Beggar when he cries,  
 And give him bread to feed.

The poor and needy come and knock,  
 At the Redeemer's door;  
 And plenty Beggars to him flock,  
 That are exceeding poor.

He giveth grace and glory too,  
 To all that are opprest.  
 Come all that heavy laden are,  
 'The Lord will give you rest.

The King is at the Palaco Royal,  
 Go knock, and do not doubt ;  
 Engraven on his heart doth stand,  
 I will not cast you out.

17

5

He is a friend, ye ransomed,  
Sticks closer than a brother,  
He's yesterday, the same to-day,  
Tis Jesus Christ for ever.

6

He soon will bring his little flock,  
Home to the fold above,  
To drink above refreshing draughts  
Of everlasting love.

### Poem 15.

*A Dialogue between John and Thomas, prize racers for  
Canaan.*

John, I'm faint, indeed, my friend,  
And yet I am pursuing,—  
And slow I run, the race depend,  
I nothing have for doing.

2

The race it is not for the swift,  
Thomas, we move along,  
To see his face that won the prize,  
With saints to glory gone

3

The battle is not for the strong,  
For Christ hath won the day,  
And we shall sing to him ere long  
Of blood and victory.

4

Thomas, my brother Pilgrim, come,  
This day is looking stormy;  
Before the evening is come  
We may be home in glory.

5

John, 'twas our sins, the Lamb once slain,  
The spoil we gather up;

B

We drink the sweets here of his pain—  
He drank the bitter cup.

6

- Come, John, the messenger is come,  
To cross the narrow river;  
To-morrow home, with Christ above,  
To be with him for ever.

## Poem 16.

*The Bee on the Rose Tree gathering sweets from my Rose*

My sweet little Bee, I am looking on thee,  
What shall I on thee now compose;  
You are gathering sweets, as near as I see,  
From that sweet open flower, my rose.

2

Why did you make choice of that lovely flower,  
Is there none in the garden so fair?  
No rose was not seen in Eden's fair bower,  
Can with Sharon's sweet rose not compare.

3

This sweet little Bee, it doth remind me,  
How she labours all day but in vain;  
It just reminds me of Calvary's tree,  
Where the Lamb for my sin he was slain.

4

O Sharon's sweet rose, my mind now compose,  
With the fragrant sweets of thy love;  
There is none so sweet to me as the rose,  
As I Am, is in glory above.

5

My sweet little Bee, farewell unto thee,  
I never might see thee no more;  
But some of thy sweets I now have with me,  
And home a far greater more store.

An emblem sweet, in ~~my~~ rose I do see,  
 That is looking in colours so red,  
 It put me in mind of the Lamb that was slain,  
 That for me once shed his own blood.

### Poem 17.

*Navigation Spiritualized—the art of conducting a ship  
 at sea.*

If navigation you know not,  
 Ner taught by God the Holy Ghost,  
 Nothing you know of Jesus Christ,  
 Whatever you may say or boast.

2

The compass points across the waves  
 Of Jordan's swelling flood,  
 To Jesus, that his ransom'd saves,  
 The purchase of his blood.

3

The Holy Ghost, the vessel guide,  
 And lands the crew on Canaan's side,  
 When tempest tost, with billows high,  
 Beyond the glittering starry sky.

4

The light-house shews the mariner,  
 He is not ~~far~~ from land;  
 A figure sweet of Jesus Christ  
 Above at God's right hand.

5

When winds blow high or either low,  
 Cast anchor then within the veil,  
 When contrary winds do blow,  
 Wait till your captain bids you saff.

6

The travel of the Saviour's soul,  
 Home to sweet home, he there shall see,  
 In Heaven shall crown him Lord of all,  
 And sing of blood and victory.



**Poem 18..**

*The Song of that Illustrious Day won by the Redeemer  
on Calvary.*

O could we hear the joyful sound  
Of Saints departed, now at rest;  
They range the blissful mansions round,  
Sweet home, with Jesus they are blest.

2

How sweet they sing in lofty strains,  
The praise of our Emmanuel God;  
Strike loud their harps of gold and sing,  
Of victory through the Saviour's blood.

3

With crowns of glory on their heads,  
They sing of that illustrious day,  
Their palms wave to Christ their head,  
Whose blood hath wash'd their sins away.

4

They sing in high and lofty strains,  
The ransom'd nations from the fall,  
Free from all sorrow, sin, and pains,  
And crown Emmanuel Lord of all.

**Poem 19.**

*Let him kiss me with the kisses of his mouth, his love  
is better than wine.*

Come, Holy Ghost, the Comforter,  
Blest Spirit from above,  
And bring us for to banquet here,  
On the Redeemer's love.

2

O let the King be sweetly held,  
In galleries of love,  
'Till we behold thy smiling face  
Around the throne above.

21

3

Succour the tempted when cast down,  
Quicken each languid soul ;  
Hold out the crown, Emmanuel, God,  
Our everlasting all.

4

Lord, thou hast drank the bitter cup,  
The wormwood and the gall,  
And death for us hath swallow'd up,  
Then crown him Lord of all.

**Poem 20.**

*How pleasant art thou, O love, for delight—the Bride,  
the Lamb's Wife.*

O, my Bride, how dear I lov'd thee,  
Near and dear thou art to me,  
In the garden suffer'd for thee,  
Sweat great drops of blood for thee.

2

Like a sheep led to the slaughter,  
There to suffer, bleed, and die,  
Nothing could my love draw from thee,  
And my blood hath made thee nigh.

3

See my wounds the nail prints driven,  
In my hands, for thee my bride;  
Soon I'll take thee home to heaven,  
For thy sins, my bride, I died.

4

Many waters could not quench love,  
Not the love I bore for thee ;  
And my blood speaks peace in heaven,  
That was shed on Calvary.

Soon my bride I'll come and take thee,  
 To the banquet-house above;  
 There is everlasting pleasures,  
 Everlasting is my love.

## Poem 21.

*A Dialogue between a Father in Christ and a Babe  
 Timorous.*

Father, my faith a babe is small,  
 Shall I hold on my way;  
 To join the ransom'd Church above,  
 Now in the realms of day.  
 My journey, father, seemeth long,  
 And I am weak, not very strong;  
 Faint, yet pursuing on my way,  
 Home to the realms of endless day.

*Father.*

My babe, if you are weak in faith,  
 His strength is perfect made for thee;  
 My child, do in his grace be strong,  
 As Paul once said to Timothy,  
 With him in glory you shall be,  
 His face in smiles of love shall see,  
 And soon shall join that happy throng,  
 There blood and victory crowns the song.

*Babe.*

Father, sometimes I'm led to doubt,  
 Whether he will not cast me out;  
 For unbelief I feel within,  
 Corruption and indwelling sin,  
 At times I'm shifting round about,  
 Turn like the weather-cock about,  
 Fearing that I shall not hold out,  
 And changing with the wind.

*Father.*

My babe, the shepherd of his flock,  
 Hath built his church upon a rock ;  
 But sheep oft go astray,  
 But then the shepherd he will not,  
 Lose one, the weakest of his flock,  
 And on his shoulders will bring back,  
 Not one of them he must not lack,  
 Lost in the cloudy day.

*Babe.*

Father, I must lean all on him,  
 That died, and put away my sin,  
 To bring me home to God :  
 A babe he never will cast out,  
 My fear is gone, I do not doubt,  
 His sheep he surely will seek out,  
 That from him wonder'd far about,  
 Lost in the cloudy day.

*Father.*

My babe, in Christ I pray come on,  
 To Canaan you and I belong ;  
 Let us pursue our way,  
 Towards old Jordan's swelling flood ;  
 To sing of victory through blood,  
 Around the glorious throne of God ;  
 For heaven is our blest abode,  
 In the bright realms of day.

## Poem 22.

*On Boaz and Ruth, she is in the field gleaning after  
 the reapers.*

Boaz was a figure sweet of Christ,  
 And Ruth the Church of God ;  
 Boaz he redeemed Ruth her right,  
 And Christ, the Church with blood.

24

2

Let thy eyes be on the field,  
For there the treasure's hid;  
No other field can nothing yield,  
The Church redeem'd with blood.

3

Ruth, in Boaz's eyes she did find grace,  
And grace in Christ is given;  
His bride shall see his smiling face  
And Ruth shall meet in heaven.

4

In vinegar her morsel dipt,  
The bread she eat was sweet;  
And after went and lay her down,  
At Boaz, her kinsman's feet.

5

Handfuls of purpose Ruth did glean,  
The field for her did yield;  
Riches, she found unsearchable,  
The treasure in the field.

6

Ruth she came, 'twas from afar,  
And found a precious vein;  
And she was found in Jesus Christ,  
The Lamb for sinner's slain.

7

Sit still, my daughter, Naomi said,  
See how the thing will fall;  
The man he will not be at rest,  
Until he finish all.

8

So our beloved had no rest,  
Till he redeem'd his bride,  
Gave up the ghost on Calvary,  
'Tis finished he cried.

# A DIALOGUE,

BETWEEN

## THOMAS & JAMES, MINERS,

Searching deep in the mines for the treasure hid in the field, for the unsearchable Riches of Christ, O the depth of the Riches, both of the wisdom and knowledge of God, how unsearchable are his judgements, and his ways past finding out.

---

*James to Thomas.*—Good morning, my friend : I consider you a Brother Miner. Pray have you been called to work in the mines to search for the treasure hid in the field ?

*Thomas to James.*—Yes, James, I have.

*James to Thomas.*—Brother Thomas, who pray employed you ?

*Thomas to James.*—It was the Lord of the Vineyard.

*James to Thomas.*—Was you willing, Thomas to work for him ?

*Thomas to James.*—I was James ; for I was made willing in the day of his power.

*James to Thomas.*—Pray, Thomas, what is your Master's name ?

*Thomas to James.*—The Lord our Righteousness, that, James, is his name.

*James to Thomas.*—Pray, Thomas, where was you when he called you ?

*Thomas to James.*—I was standing, James, in the market-place, idle.

*James to Thomas.*—Was there any more idlers besides you?

*Thomas to James.*—Yes, James; I might say thousands.

*James to Thomas.*—~~Thomas~~: how was it you was called, and not others?

*Thomas to James.*—I tell you, James, secret things belong to the Lord; but what is revealed to us and our children.

*James to Thomas.*—Have you a father and mother, Thomas?

*Thomas to James.*—I have not, James; I was left an orphan child. But my first father and mother was Adam and Eve, and they died before I was born.

*James to Thomas.*—How, Thomas, could they be your parents if they died before you was born?

*Thomas to James.*—The reason of it, James, was this,—I was in my father's loins when he sinned against the Lord of the vineyard; and by it the Lord drove them out of the garden of Eden. And for their disobedience I must labour and sorrow, and eat bread by the sweat of my brow until I return unto the dust again. It was all for wise purposes—what we know not now we shall know hereafter.

*James to Thomas.*—Pray, Thomas, what wages doth the Lord of the vineyard give you?

*Thomas to James.*—I have one penny a-day.

*James to Thomas.*—How, Thomas, came you to work for such low wages?

*Thomas to James.*—I am satisfied. 'Tis the earnest penny. Grace in the bud is glory in the blossom in heaven.

*James to Thomas.*—Pray, Thomas, where are those mines that contain these rich treasures hid in the field what you are in search of?

*Thomas to James.*—I tell you, James, Christ is the treasure, for with him is durable riches and righteousness; and he said he that findeth me findeth life, and shall obtain favour of the Lord. The promise is, seek and ye shall find; we have a treasure in heaven and in the Gospel mines, in the scriptures, you will find much said of their riches, and we have this treasure in earthen vessels, that the excellency of the power might be of God and not of us.

*James to Thomas.*—Pray, Thomas, how far do these mines extend?

*Thomas to James.*—I consider that in the veins there is great riches: the Lord of the vineyard will give you a better account, James, of it than I am able, and if he sends you into the vineyard to search the mines, for the treasures hid in the field, you never will fathom them nor find any end of them, for the Lord's jewels lay among the rubbish of the fall, and they are to be sought so diligent for as the woman did search for her ten pieces of silver; for the diligent hand maketh rich.

*James to Thomas.*—I have, Thomas, good news to tell you from a far country; the Lord hath called me to work in his vineyard, and, Thomas, as you are an old miner, what do I stand in need of?

*Thomas to James.*—I am a near kin to Little Faith. Then pray, James, the Lord to give you great faith and patience as you have had the earnest



penny, the earnest of the spirit ; and I pray great grace might rest on you, and like our old Father Abraham be made strong in faith, giving glory to God, and trust the Lord for the crown until you return home to Zion's head quarters for the King's blood royal life guards. The palace royal in glory.

*James to Thomas.*—Thomas, the Lord hath given me a little faith, and he will I pray increase it ; and he hath given me a portion of grace.

*Thomas to James.*—I tell you, James, my brother, he will give more grace.

*James to Thomas.*—Yes, Thomas, I believe it : I am faint yet pursuing.

*Thomas to James.*—My brother James, he giveth power to the faint, and to those that have no might he increaseth strength, for he raises the poor up out of the dust, and the beggar from the dunghill, that they might sit among princes, even the princes of his people, and inherit thrones of glory.

*James to Thomas.*—Thomas, I suppose I shall be provided for by the Lord of the mines with bread ?

*Thomas to James.*—Yes, James, you need not doubt of that, for in our Father's house there is bread and to spare.

*James to Thomas.*—Pray, Thomas, is there any wine for miners ?

*Thomas to James.*—Yes, James, you are fond I hear of what is good ; there is a little allowed for your stomach's sake and your often infirmities.

*James to Thomas.*—Good news, Thomas, for miners, for infirmities I find every day ; we miners,

Thomas, are better provided for than thousands, and I am satisfied with a little wine here, but we shall drink it anew with the King in his beauty—in our Father's kingdom.

*Thomas to James.*—My brother, James, since we are called by the Lord of the vineyard to work in the mines, go and search for hidden treasures. Our beloved brother Paul was an excellent miner, and he was a miser to, for he coveted earnestly the best gift. When he began to fathom in the Gospel mines, by the guidance of the Holy Ghost, he found that they were unfathomable, and he exclaimed in a rapture of joy, O the depth of the riches, both of the wisdom of God ; how unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past finding out. James, as you are the youngest, pray search the Gospel mines : search the Scriptures, said the Lord of the vineyard, and see if the Holy Ghost discovereth and maketh it known unto you the value of the unsearchable riches of Christ.

*James to Thomas.*—Brother Thomas, I have opened on a most delightful vein.

*Thomas to James.*—What do it contain, James ?

*James to Thomas.*—O, my brother Thomas, I found on an ancient stone engraven, love, and as I opened a little deeper I found on another corner stone laid in Zion, a very ancient engraving,—yea, I have loved thee with an everlasting love.

*Thomas to James.*—Brother James, let the children of Zion be joyful in their King. We joy in God through our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom also we have received the atonement ; he is our peace, who hath made peace by his blood on the cross.

*James to Thomas.*—Thomas, I consider you have found the pearl of great price, as you have fathomed deep in the mines.

*Thomas to James.*—My brother James, I have found the stone hewn out of the mountains without hands, and searching the mines of the records of eternity. I saw Zion's pitiful case: she said, the Lord hath forsaken me, my God hath forgotten me. Then I was led by the Holy Ghost to commune with my own heart, and in my chamber to be still, Zion was not forsaken, it was a cloud of unbelief over the tabernacle, Zion had lost sight of the Sun, but the Sun of Righteousness had not lost sight of her, there was a promissory note for her, and it contained, that the love veins were the same and it runned. Can a woman forget her sucking child, that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb, yea they may forget. Yet will I not forget thee, said the Lord, I have graven thee on the palms of my hands, thy walls are continually before me, which referreth to the Church: and another promissory note for her, I will be a wall of fire round about her, and the glory in the midst of her, for he was amidst the three Hebrew children in the burning fiery furnace.

*James to Thomas.*—My brother Thomas, let us walk about Zion, and see how well she is fortified, and converse with her, and endeavour to give her a word of consolation, and tell her of her towers, which in a figure hath a reference to the persons in the Godhead. Her safety is in this, the name of the Lord is a strong tower, the righteous run into it and are safe: let us mark her bulwarks, which referreth

to her security,—let us consider her palaces, with joy and gladness shall she enter into the King's palace, the rest that remaineth to the people of God. For this God is our God for ever and ever, he will be our guide even unto death ; many of them in the flock are weak, he loveth his little tender lambs, and he carries them in his bosom, and he gently leadeth those that are with young,—he leadeth on the young of the flock, for sheep are but poor silly creatures, prone to stray and wander from the field. One at a certain time strayed, and the shepherd went after him, weather-beaten and could go no further, and being so feeble the shepherd brought him back on his shoulders to the flock rejoicing ; and there will be greater rejoicing when the Church is brought home to glory : we will rejoice and be glad, we will remember thy love more than wine.

*Thomas to James.*—My brother James, our beloved Lord was rich, and for our sakes he became poor. That created the heavens and all the hosts of them by the breath of his mouth. He had no place to lay his head ; he became poor that we through his poverty might be made rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom that God hath prepared for them that love him. We can no more find out the unsearchable riches of Christ, no more than we can find out the Almighty to perfection ; and when we are home in glory and discover more of them, we shall have to say were there is the fullness of joy, O the riches of the glory : our brother Paul counted all things but dung and dross that he might win Christ and be found in him ; he was a prize racer, and he said, I run so as I may obtain, he was on the King's business, and that was in haste, he pressed through the crowd

in the strength of the Lord, the world, flesh, and the devil, toward the mark of the prize of his high calling of God in Christ Jesus, in a full assurance of obtaining by him, who had obtained for him eternal redemption, and he said I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, can separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord. By this you will see, my brother, by tracing up the streams to the fountain, the foundation of our hope is in the everlasting love of God, our Father, where all blessings are made known to us by the Holy Ghost, treasured up in our glorious covenant-head the Lord Jesus Christ, for there is not one blessing for the church out of him; for the Lord taketh pleasure in his people:—he will beautify the meek with salvation; he is our crown of rejoicing. Let the children of Zion be joyful in their King, and he delighteth to hear them. Let me see thy countenance, let me hear thy voice, for thy voice is sweet and thy countenance is comely.—My brother, if you would find the pearl of great price, if you find Christ, he is the pearl, for in him is hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge; he is the rose and the lily, the Lion of the tribe of Judah and the Lamb that was slain, he is altogether lovely, that saith to his bride, how pleasant art thou, O love, for delight, he shineth as the sun when it shineth in his strength, the root and the offspring of David, the bright and the morning star. He is over all, God, blessed for ever, the captain of our salvation that was made perfect through suffering, the prince of the kings of the earth, the true God and eternal life, to whom be honour and glory. *Amen.*

THESE THINGS WE HAVE IN A FIGURE.

**BELLS HEARD from the TOWNS & VILLAGES,**

*Tolling for Saints departed, fell asleep in Jesus.*

---

Hark, O my muse,—the town bell loud doth toll,  
The spirit from her prison took her flight,  
For Philemon a preacher once with Paul,  
Around the throne among the saints in light.

2

Hark, O my muse,—from Corinth church doth toll,  
The bell for John, departed happy soul;  
One of the Lord's redeemed little flock,  
Took home, and left his little lowly cot.

3

Hark, O my muse,—Philippi's bell doth toll,  
Lazarus he's gone, the Lord for him did call;  
Once at the rich man's gate he begged bread,  
Took home with Christ, his glorious living head.

4

Hark, O my muse,—'tis Christ's Church bell doth toll  
For Little Faith, redeemed from the fall;  
Took home, sweet home, with Christ above in light,  
He shines above, a gem in glory bright.

5

Hark, O my muse,—the bell from Asia sounds,  
From villages the bells do sound and towns;  
Abraham and Isaac, Jacob, too, is gone,  
To join the church triumphant in their song,

6

Hark, O my muse,—from Corinth hear the sound,  
Matthew, at the receipt of customs found;  
Called by Christ, all things forsook for him,  
In glory now and doth salvation sing.

7

Hark, O my muse,—the bell from Colosse doth toll,  
Zaccheus, Christ, a publican did call;

C

Salvation came to him that very day,  
And now with Christ his spirits' wing'd away.

8

A little man, he curious was to see,  
Clim'b up in haste a high sycamore tree,  
He heard that Jesus was for to pass by,  
That for his sins on Calvary did die.

9

Hark, O my muse,—the bell from Rome doth toll,  
Weep not for him, our aged brother Paul;  
He preached Jesus, and him crucified,  
In peace he liv'd, and in the Lord he died.

10

Hark, O my muse,—from Ephesus doth toll,  
For Barnabas a preacher once with Paul;  
No more contentions on that blessed shore,  
With Barnabas and brother Paul no more.

11

Hark, O my muse,—the bell from Rome doth toll,  
For Timothy, preach'd Christ was all in all;  
Instant in season—out of season stood,  
Redemption preach'd through the Redeemer's blood.

12

Hark, O my muse,—from Philadelphia sound,  
'Tis for Priscilla, she in Christ was found;  
Her spirit doth in endless pleasures roll,  
Redeem'd with blood, a jewel bright her soul.

13

Hark, O my muse,—Galatia's bell doth sound,  
For Magdalene, in Jesus she was found;  
She loved much, for much she had forgiven,  
A brilliant star she shines with Christ in heaven.

14

Hark, O my muse,—the whole I now do close,  
To great I Am, sweet Sharon's lovely rose;  
Methinks I hear the harpers sounding all,  
And crowning Jesus, crown him Lord of all.

*The grand Coronation of King Jesus, the king in his  
beauty at the palace royal, in glory.*

---

Come, let us leave the world behind,  
And by the grace of God ;  
Pursue to see the king a crown'd,  
That wash'd us in his blood.

2

We soon shall see Emmanuel God,  
That bought the Church with blood ;  
Come, let us on our way pursue,  
To cross old Jordan's flood.

3

The turtle's voice is heard above,  
The sun no more goes down ;  
His bride, whom Jesus calls his love,  
Shall see him wear the crown.

4

'Twill be a glorious sight to see,  
When we are home with God ;  
To see the King of glory crown'd,  
By all redeem'd with blood.

5

'Twas a great coronation-day,  
When Solomon was crown'd,  
It made the earth to ring 'tis said,  
Twas such amazing sound.

6

All coronations here on earth,  
A noisy puff of breath;  
No consolation cannot give,  
In the cold chill of death.

7

We soon shall hear around the throne,  
The harpers sweetly sound,  
On every string, and note they sing,  
His blood our sins hath drown'd.



Worthy's the Lamb, how sweet they sound,  
 The Lamb that once was slain ;  
 We sing the virtue of thy blood,  
 And shout and say Amen,

He wears a vesture dip't in blood,  
 Faithful and True his name;  
 The armies of Emmanuel, God,  
 By blood they overcame.

His name is precious unto me,  
 And precious is his blood ;  
 And precious he to us will be,  
 When crossing Jordan's flood.

Oh, blessed rest,—Oh, happy place,  
 When time with us shall end,  
 To gaze upon his smiling face,  
 The Lamb for sinners slain.

Come, fellow-citizens and saints,  
 Redeemed by his blood,  
 We soon shall join the shining ranks,  
 That overcame by blood.

Worthy's the Lamb, how sweet they sound,  
 That liveth and was dead ;  
 Then all before him prostrate fall,  
 Their glorious living head.

Then all the armies bought with blood,  
 The ransom'd from the fall ;  
 They put the crown upon his head,  
 And crown him Lord of all.

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I pray the Lord Jesus Christ abundantly to bless it,  
 and his name shall have the glory for ever and ever. *Amen.*



